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no counsel, assigned him the talented Mr. ———, as his advocate.

Mr. Cork proved to finding Shaun in the cellar, which had previously been robbed very frequently. On his cross-examination, he said that the keys were always in his possession; admitted that he had taken some wine occasionally for his own private use; could not account for how the prisoner got into the cellar; did not put him in; never saw him before. Mr. James corroborated the evidence as to finding him in the cellar.

The prisoner having been called on for his defence, his counsel addressed the court, saying that the prisoner gave so wild and improbable an account of himself, that he was obliged to give up his case.

Shaun then addressed the court, and related his whole story, with many episodes, windings, and ramifications, which kept the court in roars of the most immoderate laughter, and only served to make a bad impression on his hearers. He might as well have attempted to prove an *alibi*; the jury found him guilty without leaving the box, and he was sentenced to be executed the day but one following.

The day and the hour came for the execution of poor Shaun, and every thing was prepared. His irons were knocked off; and all the usual ceremonies gone through. He was placed in a cart to be carried to the gallows-hill; he had resigned himself to meet his death, and sat silent, with the executioner by his side. As he was going along, an old woman with a red cap, called to him from out of the crowd—

"Shaun Long," said she, "die with your red night-cap on you, but don't touch it with your thumbs."

A new hope sprung up in his bosom, but he had left his red cap at the gaol. On his arriving at the fatal spot, the sheriff asked had he any thing to say before he suffered.

"One little weeny request, sheriff, jewel," said Shaun; "just let me have the pleasure of taking my last sleep in in my own red cap, that I often took a comfortable nap in."

The sheriff instantly sent for the cap, which was handed to the doomed one. The horse having been taken from the cart before the cap came, the hangman waited with the noose ready to throw over Shaun's head, who putting on his cap without touching it with his thumbs, and rubbing his forehead with his middle finger, exclaimed—

"Hic over to Ireland."

In an instant Shaun, with the cart to which he was tied, mounted, with the swiftness of an arrow, into the air, to the astonishment of the sheriff and spectators, and next morning Shaun found himself and the cart before his cousin, Murty Ferrall's door, in the middle of the Queen's county.

"And is that you, Shaun Long," said Murty, coming out as Shaun had loosed himself from the cart; "or is it yourself that's in it at all?"

"Faix, an' I dunna, Murty, said Shaun; "for I had such a thransmogrification this while back, that I don't know whether its myself or another body that's in id."

"That's a mighty purty cart you have, any how," said Murty; "maybe you'd sell that same."

"Sorra may care," replied Shaun; "for its neither the love nor the likin' I have for it."

"What's the very lowest pinny you'll have for it, then," said Murty.

"Why its a chape bargain at six pounds; but as you're a frind, why I'll let you have it at four; sure you can say nothing to that."

"Its mine, thin," said Murty, slapping Shaun's hand with a penny, by way of earnest; "come in, then, Shaun Long, for the woman 'ill be glad to see you."

Shaun was paid for the cart; and on his return home he found all things in his cabin as he had left them. He has often told the story to his friends; and declares he'll never forget the odd-looking carl of D———, or the big wig of the judge that tried him; and promises never to interrupt the amusement of the fairies round his hearth while he's alive.

W. B.

IRISH PRUDENCE.

In 1705, a pamphlet was published in Dublin entitled "The Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Irish Forfeitures," which contained matter highly offensive to the Government. On its being discovered that Francis Annesley, one of the commissioners, and a member in parliament for the borough of Downpatrick, was one of the authors of said report, he was expelled the House. It was afterwards found that James Hamilton, Tullamore, John Frenchard, and Henry Langford, were also authors of said report; but on the House learning that Mr. Hamilton was dead, they prudently entered the following resolution in their journals: "the House being informed that James Hamilton, of Tullamore, is dead, the House thought fit not to put farther question on him."—*Irish Commons Journal*.

THE EXILE OF ERIN'S RETURN.

When absent, my country, from thee and thy sorrows,
My proudest, my happiest dreams were of thee;
As the lovely from distance a warmer light borrows,
And the sun gleams more splendid athwart the wide sea.

My day-dreams of childhood, of manhood, took wing
In the light that once played round thy free-trodden shore:

More creatures of moonlight, they died with the spring,
And in summer my dreams and my joys were no more.

There's a season when friendships are prized and pursued,
Their worth undiscovered, at least unbelieving;
Mid thy vallies I found it—their flow'rs were imbued
With a tear wrung in wo from a heart first deceived.

How we love the green sod that enshrouds the departed,
They're no more, but 'tis pleasure to watch where they lie;

Thus my country I prized, tho' there first broken-hearted,
And the grave of my love was still dear to my eye.

I longed to strew o'er it the blossoms that yet
Shed their fragrance around my autumnal decline;—
To revisit those scenes o'er whose morning has set
The last sun that e'er brightened the freshness of mine.

Wo, wo to the moment that ever again
Restored me to country, to home and to name;
I had ceased to exult—I recoiled not from pain;
But oh! I had made no provision for shame.

Must I blush, must I weep for the land of my birth,
Or bid hate or contempt atop the tears ere they run;
Must I fly to some far distant corner of earth,
And there perish unknown and unscorned as thy son?

* * * * *

For me, far away from the land I have loved,
Let the breezes that sigh o'er the tomb of her fame
Bear me on, bear me on, by no memory moved,
To bid fancy revisit so sick'ning a theme.

DUBLIN:

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